(191) Charleston. June 5 about. (1939)?

I am sitting here surrounded by great beauty but also by chaos. Piles of brick & rubble arise & then disappear & tiles are lifted in the floor every where - baths & W.C.s sit about in odd places. If you're on the spot at the right moment one can suddenly order a wall to stop building & put in an extra door or window. Quite soon I know your way about here again. I dash into cupboards thinking they are passages. On the other hand the garden is smoothed under by pinks & roses & irises. Angelica has just returned from France by the night tour I got up at 6 to meet her & realised as usual how foolish one was not to do so every day. Perhaps you do on your travels. Clive is arriving presently & I rather dread his horror when he finds what a state it's all in. Though he has been warned. However it's infinitely preferable to Seend where I spent last Sunday. Tick of course there's not a spot of dust anywhere & if you put down a book for 5 minutes you find it carefully put away where it belongs. But

The garden calls for Mr Bill's ghost to arise
The gardener is too old & rheumatic to do
anything or even to make the two under
gardeners do anything. So it's all a complete
wilderness, a mass of nettles, no flowers
to be seen. Mrs Bell continues to get more
lively & is looked after by both a nurse
& a companion & so with obviously neither
of us all. She is perfectly happy, neither hears
nor deaf & sits & makes small talk by the
hour. I nearly died of it - me simply feels
myself in a straight jacket - but thank
goodness it's over for a year I hope. I have
very little other news. We went to Simini private
view. did you Ruth attend show was on us?
This time it is all of birds, fish & flowers.
As usual the whole Bussy family were in
attendance. When I go back to London
I'm going to begin spending recklessly & madly.
Thanks to you. But how much nicer it is
in the country - it will be nice when they get
rid of the builders. Do send me a line
now & then to say how your getting on
Quentin I believe will be in his way to
Paris in a day or two. They seem to
have enjoyed everything thoroughly - I can't
write letters here & must stop & take Duncan
to Lewes as he has to go back to London this
morning who departs soon for Sweden. VW

T. PARSONS 2.2.23

(192)

Charleston. (1939?)

I have been meaning to talk to you about your wicked custom of sending me cheques. The last I have given Angelica £60 of it & paid for some of her pocket expenses, such as lunch out, myself. But now that she probably won't have to get meals out so much (in which I did not want her to have to economise) I think it may be better to give her the whole £100 & let her use it for all her expenses except rent. Then she will never have to ask me for money at all & must learn how to manage. Perhaps it might be simpler if you gave it to her directly — if indeed you are in the mind to do want to do so. Perhaps if it's the same to you it might be better to give it to her in

4 instalments of £25 each quarterly instead of 2 of £50. But that's as you like. Could we set off some income tax by doing this? I'm vague — If you agree with this I will keep up your charge then & let you give me other instead — Shall feel very rich & independent I expect

Of course the whole thing is preposterous but as long as you like & spoil your niece I suppose you will — She should be warned that it may not continue.

Yours
VSB

4 instalments of £25 each quarterly instead of 2 of £50. But that's as you like. Could you get it some minor task by doing this? I'm vague — If you agree with this I will tear up your cheque now & let you give me other instead — She'll feel very rich & independent I expect

Of course the whole thing is preposterous but as long as you like to spoil your niece I suppose you will — She should be warned that it may not continue.

Yours

(193)

13 March 1940

Charleston - Wednesday - midnight.

Since Julian died I haven't been able
to think of Roger. How you have brought
him back to me - Although I cannot
help crying I can't thank you
enough

VW